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VISAYAN FOLK-TALES. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE stories are intended to bring before the American public a few of the tales related by Visayan parents to their children, or by the public story-teller in the market, as the people gather to buy the material for the evening meal. It was only toward the close of a three years' stay in the Islands, in one province, and in neighboring places, and after a fair acquaintance with Spanish and a little knowledge of the native dialect had enabled us to obtain a closer insight into the home life of our pupils than would otherwise have been possible, that we ventured upon the collection of these tales, hoping that they might prove of interest to people at home. Many of the stories were written by our boys and girls as part of their work in English composition. Others were prepared by the native teachers, some of whom had been well educated by the Spaniards and had already learned to write very fair English. Indeed, a few were able, at about the time that these stories were written, to pass the civil service examination for appointment as insular teachers. The articles on the superstitious beliefs of the people were prepared by one of these teachers, so that they might be as nearly correct as possible.

As might be expected, the stories are often very crude and simple, presenting no difficult situations nor intricate plots. Sometimes they resemble well-known tales from other lands, although great care has been taken to collect only those from original sources.

The tales here presented were collected during the spring of 1904, in the island of Panay, belonging to the Visayan group of the Philippine Islands, and were obtained in our own class rooms, from native teachers and pupils. Mr. Maxfield was stationed at Iloilo, and Mr. Millington at Mandurriao, places five miles apart. We daily came in contact with about one thousand pupils. The tales were gathered in both places, and were found to be substantially alike, the differences being only in petty details. After collecting one version, we endeavored to ascertain whether the same narrative was

current among natives in other localities of the island. We were surprised to discover that they seemed to be known wherever we became acquainted with the people and had obtained their confidence sufficiently to induce them to talk freely. There were often variations, but the framework was always the same. If any stories were obtained from native teachers who knew Spanish, we have always verified them by getting children or natives from other places, who knew no Spanish, to relate them, in order to assure ourselves that the narrative could not be a mere translation of a Spanish tale.

We who have collected these stories can claim little credit for any more than the mere arrangement of them, as, so far as possible, even the wording of the original manuscripts has been retained. Doubtless, much of the interest we have felt in the work is due to our personal acquaintance with the writers who put on paper for us these simple tales, yet we hope that they will not be wholly unattractive to those for whose sake they have been collected.

B. L. M.

W. H. M.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

HOW JACKYO BECAME RICH.

A long time ago there was a young man whose name was Jackyo. He was very poor, and by his daily labor could earn barely enough for his food and nothing at all for his clothes. He had a little farm at some distance from the village in which he lived, and on it raised a few poor crops.

One pleasant afternoon Jackyo started off to visit his farm. It was late when he reached it, and after he had finished inspecting his crops, he turned back homewards. But the bright day had gone and the sun had set. Night came on quickly, and the way was dark and lonely.

At last he could no longer see the road. Not a star was to be seen, and the only sounds he heard were the sad twitterings of the birds and soft rustling of the leaves as they were moved by the wind.

At last he entered a thick forest where the trees were very big. "What if I should meet some wild beast," thought Jackyo; but he added half aloud, "I must learn to be brave and face every danger."

It was not long before he was very sure that he could hear a deep roar. His heart beat fast, but he walked steadily forward, and soon the roar was repeated, this time nearer and more distinctly, and he saw in the dim light a great wild ox coming towards him.

He found a large hole in the trunk of a huge tree. "I will pass the night here in this tree," he said to himself.

When the morning came Jackyo returned home, full of joy, and became known as the richest man in the village.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

One day Truth started for the city to find some work. On his way he overtook Falsehood, who was going to the city for the same purpose. Falsehood asked permission to ride on the horse with Truth, and his request was granted.

On the way they questioned each other as to the sort of work they wanted. Truth stated that he intended to be a secretary, so that he might always be clean and white. Falsehood declared that he would be a cook, because then he would always have plenty of fine things to eat.

As they were riding along, they met a man carrying a corpse to the cemetery. He had no one to help him, and Truth, in his great pity for the man, jumped off his horse and helped him. After the corpse was buried, Truth asked: "Did you pray for the repose of the soul of the dead?" "No," was the reply, "I do not know how to pray, and I have no money to pay the priest for candles." Then Truth gave the man all the money he had, that he might have prayers said for the dead man, and went back to his companion.

When dinner time came, Falsehood was very angry at finding out that Truth had given all his money away, but finally proposed that they should go to the river and catch some fish for dinner. When they arrived at the river, they found some fish which had been caught in a shallow pool near the bank, and caught all they wanted. But Truth was very sorry for the fish, and threw his half back into the river. Falsehood murmured at him and said: "It would have been better for you to give them to me. If I had known that you would throw them into the river, I would not have given you any of them."

Then they rode on. As they were going through a thick wood in the heart of the mountain they heard a noise as of crying, far away. Truth went forward to find what it was, but Falsehood, trembling with fear, hid himself close behind his comrade. At last they saw seven little eagles in a nest high in a tree. They were crying with hunger, and their mother was nowhere to be seen. Truth was sorry for them, and killed his horse, giving some of the meat to the young eagles, and spreading the rest on the ground beneath the tree, so that the mother-bird might find it.

Falsehood hated his comrade for having killed the horse, because now they were obliged to travel on foot. They went down the mountain, and entering the city, presented themselves before the king, desiring to be taken into his service, the one as secretary and the other as cook. The king granted both requests.

When Falsehood saw that his former companion sat at the table with the king and was always clean and dressed in good clothes, while he himself was dirty and had to eat in the kitchen, he was very angry and determined to do something to ruin the one whom now he hated so bitterly.

One day the king and queen went to sail on the sea. As they were far from land, the queen dropped her ring overboard. When Falsehood heard of the accident, he went to the king and said: "My Lord, the King, my friend — your secretary — has told me that he was endowed with magic powers and is able to find the queen's ring. He says if he does not find it he is willing for you to hang him."

The king immediately sent for Truth, and said to him: "Find the queen's ring without delay, or I will have you hanged early to-morrow morning."

Truth went down to the shore, but seeing how impossible it would be to find the ring, began to weep. A fish came near, and floating on top of the water, asked, "Why are you weeping?"

"I weep," Truth replied, "because the king will hang me early to-morrow morning unless I find the queen's ring, which has fallen into the sea."

The fish swam out and got the ring and gave it to Truth. Then he said: "I am one of the fishes which you found on the bank of the river and threw back into the water. As you helped me when I was in trouble, I am very glad that I have been able to help you now."

On another day, Falsehood went to the king and said: "My Lord King, do you remember what I told you the other day?"

"Yes," replied the king, "and I believe you told me the truth, as the ring has been found."

"Well," replied Falsehood, "my friend told me last night that he is a great magician and that he is willing for you to hang him in the sight of all the people, since it will not hurt him."

The king sent for Truth and told him: "I know what you have said to your friend. To-morrow I will have you hanged in the sight of all the people, and we will see whether you are the great magician you claim to be."

That night Truth could not sleep. About midnight, as he was in great distress, a spirit suddenly appeared to him and asked what was the cause of his grief. Truth related his trouble, and the spirit said: "Do not weep. To-morrow morning I will take your form and wear your clothes, and let them hang me."

The next morning, just at dawn, the spirit put on Truth's clothes and went out to be hanged. Many people came to see the hanging, and after it was over, returned to their homes. What was the aston-

ishment of the king and those with him when, upon their return to the palace, they found Truth there before them, alive and well !

That night the spirit appeared to Truth and said : " I am the spirit of the dead man for whom you gave your money that prayers might be said for the repose of his soul." Then it disappeared.

On another day Falsehood appeared before the king, and said : " My Lord the King, my friend the secretary told me last night that if you would let him marry your daughter, in one night his wife should bring forth three children." The king sent for Truth and said : " I will give you my daughter to be your wife and if to-night she does not bear three children, I will have you buried alive to-morrow morning."

So they were married. But at midnight, as Truth lay awake thinking of the fate that was in store for him in the morning, an eagle flew through the window, and asked the cause of his sorrow. Truth related his tale, and the eagle said : " Do not worry ; I will take care of that." Then he flew away, but just before the break of day three eagles came, each bearing a new-born babe. Truth awakened the princess and said to her : " My dear wife, these are our children. We must love them and take good care of them."

Then the king, who had been awakened by the noise of children crying, sent to ask what it was all about. When he heard the news he came into the tower where the princess was, and when he saw the children he was overcome with joy ; for he had no sons, and greatly desired to have an heir to his throne. So the king made a great feast and gave over his crown and sceptre to his son-in-law, to be king in his stead.

Thus we see that those who help others when in trouble shall themselves be aided when they are in difficulty.

CAMANLA AND PAROTPOT.

Camanla was a very poor but very busy man, and always praising his own work. When he talked with other people he ended every third or fourth word with " la," which was the last syllable of his name and is a word of praise.

One day he made a boat, and when it was finished he began to talk to it. These were his words : " My boat, la, you may go, la, to find a pretty lady, la, for my wife, la, to make me happy, la." Then his boat started to sail without anybody to manage it. When she reached a large town she stopped in the river, near where the pretty daughters of some rich men of the town were taking a walk. They were accustomed to take any boat they might find and use it when they wished to cross the river, returning in the same way.

As Camanla's boat was there and looked very fine, the young ladies

decided to cross the river in it. The youngest was the first to jump into the boat. When the little boat felt that some one had come on board, she ran away, carrying the lady.

When Camanla saw his boat coming, he began to praise it, saying : "My boat, la, is coming, la, to bring me, la, my pretty lady, to marry me, la." Very soon the boat anchored, and he went down to receive the lady, whom he soon married. Then was Camanla happy, but one day he had no food to give his wife, so he made a little taon, or fish trap, and said to it: "My pretty taon, la, you may go, la, to the river, la, to get me some fish, la." The taon then walked toward the river, and soon came back, full of fish. Camanla was an object of envy to all the world.

His happiness was soon heard of by his friend Parotpot, who became very envious. At last he went to Camanla's house. When he met his friend, he said to him: "You are very happy, my friend, and I envy you." Camanla replied: "Yes, I am very fortunate. I have my little boat that sails every day to get my food, and a little taon that goes to the river and brings me fine fish."

Parotpot returned sadly home. He concluded to build a boat like his friend's, but Parotpot, when he talked, ended every third or fourth word with "pot," (pronounced pō) the ending of his name: This word has a scornful meaning. When the boat was finished, he began to talk to it as follows: "My boat, pot, you may go, pot, to find me a wife, pot, prettier than my friend's wife, pot." The boat sailed away, and reached a large river, just as some men were looking for a boat to take across the body of their grandmother, in order to bury it in the cemetery of the town. When they saw the boat they were glad to get across the river so easily, so they lifted the body and placed it in the boat. When the boat felt that something was on board, she sailed swiftly towards home, leaving the men behind. Parotpot was watching, and when he saw the boat coming, he began to talk thus: "My boat, pot, is coming, pot, to bring me, pot, a pretty lady, pot, to marry me, pot." But, alas! a dead grandmother, instead of a pretty lady! He was so angry that he seized his bolo and chopped the boat to pieces, leaving the body to float away.

But Parotpot thought that he might succeed better with a fish-trap, like his friend Camanla's. When he had finished it, he sent it to the river, saying: "My taon, pot, go now to the river, pot, and catch many fishes, pot, for my dinner, pot." The taon went. It was Sunday and the people of the town were killing cattle for their Sunday dinner, and throwing the waste into the river. All this filth floated into the taon and filled it. Then it ran back home. While the taon had been gone, Parotpot had been making preparations for a great dinner. He cooked the rice and washed the dishes, and then invited

his friends to come to his house and share his excellent dinner. When he saw the taon coming, he said: "My taon, pot, is coming now, pot, to bring me many fine fish, pot, for my dinner, pot." When his neighbors saw what was in the taon, they laughed, and Parotpot said: "I can never be as happy as my friend Camanla." Then he took the taon and threw it into the fire.

JUAN, THE STUDENT.

There was once a poor couple who lived happily in a quiet place. They had one son, named Juan, whom at first they loved very much; but afterwards, either because their extreme poverty made it difficult for them to support him, or because of his wickedness and waywardness, they began to hate him, and made plans to kill him.

In order to carry out this purpose, the father called his son to him one evening, and said: "My son, to-morrow we will go to the mountain to get some lumber with which to repair our house. I want you to prepare our breakfast very early, so that we may set out before the sun rises."

On the next morning they arose very early and ate their breakfast. As it consisted only of rice and a few small fishes, it was soon finished, and they set out for the mountain. When they had arrived at a lonely spot, the man seized his son and fastened him to a large tree. Then he took his bolo and cut down the tree in such a way as to cause it to fall on the boy and kill him. Then he returned home, thinking that he should have no more trouble on account of his son.

Early the next morning, the man heard a noise as of some one approaching the house. On opening a window he perceived his son, whom he supposed he had killed on the previous day, coming towards the house and bearing a heavy load of wood. When the boy had come near he asked where he should put the wood. At first the father was too much frightened to reply, but at last he told his son to put the wood down near the house.

For a long time Juan lived at home, but his parents hated him continually, and at last decided to give him poison. One day they sent him on a long trip, giving him seven pieces of poisoned bread for his food along the way. When he had become weary and hungry from walking, he sat down under a tree and began to open the handkerchief to get from it some of the bread to eat. Suddenly a number of crows flew down from the tree, seized the bread, ate it, and almost immediately died. The boy at once perceived the intention of his parents and returned home. As soon as he arrived there, he declared to his father and mother his intention of leaving them and going elsewhere to live. As soon as they heard him, they were full of joy, and readily gave him the desired permission.

He went to a distant town, and decided to study. He made such progress that his teachers were charmed with his diligence. He was very fond of debates with his schoolmates, and one day asked them the following riddle: "Two tried to kill one, one killed seven, two were left, and one went away." They searched through the books for the answer to the riddle, but as they were unable to find it, they agreed that Juan was the cleverest one among them, since they could not answer his riddle.

One day the student met a young lady to whom he gave the riddle. She asked for a little time in which to study it, and this being granted, went home, disguised herself as a young man and, returning, asked Juan to tell the answer to the riddle. "For I know," she said, "that many students have tried to find the solution of this riddle, but have not been successful." Juan finally granted her request, and told her the answer to the riddle, which was the story of his life.

Then the young lady returned home, put on her own clothes, and went back to the student's house, to give him the answer to his riddle. When Juan heard her answer, he thought her a very clever young woman, since she had succeeded where so many young men had failed, so he fell in love with the young lady and married her.

THE TWO WIVES AND THE WITCH.

There was once a man who had a wife that was not pretty. He became tired of looking at her, and so went away and married another wife.

His first wife was in great sorrow, and wept every day. One day as she was crying by the well, where she had gone for water, a woman asked her: "Why are you weeping?" The wife answered: "Because my husband has left me and gone to live with another wife." "Why?" said the witch, for that is what the woman was.

"Because I have not a pretty face," answered the wife. While she was talking the witch touched the wife's face, and then she said: "I cannot stay here any longer," and went off.

When the wife reached home she looked in the glass and saw that her face had been changed until it was the most beautiful in the town. Very soon a rumor spread through the town that in such and such a house there was living a very beautiful woman. Many young men went to see the pretty woman, and all were pleased with her beauty.

The bad husband went also. He was astonished that his wife was not at home, and that a pretty woman was living there alone. He bowed to the lady and avowed his love. The lady at first refused to believe him, and said: "If you will leave the woman who is now your wife and come to live with me right along I will take you for

my husband." The man agreed, and went to live with the pretty woman.

The other woman was very angry when she heard the news, for it was reported that the pretty woman was the man's first wife, who had been changed by a witch. She determined to try what the witch could do for her, and went to get water at the same well.

The witch appeared and asked: "Why are you weeping, my good woman?" The woman told her that her husband had gone away to live with the pretty woman. As she was speaking, the witch touched her face, and said: "Go home, my good woman, and do not weep, for your husband will come very soon to see you."

When she heard this she ran home as fast as she could. All the people whom she met on the road were afraid of her, because she was so ugly. Her nose was about two feet long, her ears looked like large handkerchiefs, and her eyes were as big as saucers. Nobody recognized her, not even her mother. All were afraid of such a creature. When she saw in the glass how ugly she was, she refused to eat, and in a few days she died.

THE LIVING HEAD.

There once lived a man and his wife who had no children. They earnestly desired to have a son, so they prayed to their God, Diva, that he would give them a son, even if it were only a head.

Diva pitied them, and gave them a head for a son. Head, for that was his name, grew up, and gradually his father and mother ceased to think of his misfortune, and grew to love him very much.

One day Head saw the chief's daughter pass the house, and fell in love with her. "Mother," he said, "I am in love with the chief's daughter and wish to marry her. Go now, I pray you, to the chief and ask him to give me his daughter to be my wife." "Dear Head," answered his mother, "it is of no use to go on such an errand, the chief's daughter will surely not be willing to marry only a head." But Head insisted, so, in order to quiet him, his mother went to the chief and made known her son's desire. Of course she met with a refusal, and returned home and told Head the result of her errand.

Head went downstairs into the garden and began to sink into the ground.

"Head, come up," said his mother, "and let us eat."

"Sink! sink! sink!" cried Head.

"Head, come up and let us eat!" repeated his mother.

"Sink! sink! sink!" was Head's answer, and he continued to sink until he could no longer be seen. His mother tried in vain to take him out. After a while a tree sprang up just where Head had sunk,

and in a short time it bore large, round fruit, almost as large as a child's head. This is the origin of the orange-tree.

JUAN PUSONG.

The Visayans tell many stories which have as their hero Juan Pusong, or Tricky John. As the name implies, he is represented as being deceitful and dishonest, sometimes very cunning, and, in some of the stories told of him, endowed with miraculous power. The stories are very simple and of not very great excellence. The few which follow will serve as samples of the narratives told of this popular hero.

I. Juan Pusong was a lazy boy. Neither punishment nor the offer of a reward could induce him to go to school, but in school-time he was always to be found on the plaza, playing with the other boys.

His mother, however, believed him to be in school, and each day prepared some dainty for him to eat upon his return home. Juan was not satisfied with deceiving his mother in this way, but used to play tricks on her.

"Mother," he said, one day, "I have already learned to be a seer and to discover what is hidden. This afternoon when I come home from school I will foretell what you have prepared for me."

"Will you?" said his mother joyfully, for she believed all he said, "I will try to prepare something new and you will not be able to guess it."

"I shall, mother, I shall, let it be whatever it may," answered Juan.

When it was time to go to school, Juan pretended to set out, but instead he climbed a tree which stood near the kitchen, and hiding himself among the leaves, watched through the window all that his mother did.

His mother baked a bibingca, or cake made of rice and sweet potato, and hid it in a jar. "I will bet anything," she said, "that my son will not guess what it is." Juan laughed at his mother's self-conceit. When it was time for school to close he got down, and with a book in his hand, as though he had really come from school, appeared before his mother and said: "Mother, I know what you are keeping for me."

"What is it?" asked his mother.

"The prophecy that I have just learned at school says that there is a bibingca hidden in the olla." The mother became motionless with surprise. "Is it possible?" she asked herself, "my son is indeed a seer. I am going to spread it abroad. My son is a seer."

The news was spread far and wide and many people came to make trial of Pusong's powers. In these he was always successful, thanks to his ability to cheat.

II. One day a ship was anchored in the harbor. She had come

from a distant island. Her captain had heard of Pusong's power and wished to try him. The trial consisted in foretelling how many seeds the oranges with which his vessel was loaded contained. He promised to give Juan a great quantity of money if he could do this.

Pusong asked for a day's time. That night he swam out to the vessel, and, hidden in the water under the ship's stern, listened to the conversation of the crew. Luckily they were talking about this very matter of the oranges, and one of them inquired of the captain what kind of oranges he had.

"My friend," said the captain, "these oranges are different from any in this country, for each contains but one seed."

Pusong had learned all that he needed to know, so he swam back to the shore, and the next morning announced that he was ready for the trial.

Many people had assembled to hear the great seer. Pusong continued to read in his book, as though it was the source of his information. The hour agreed upon struck, and the captain of the vessel handed an orange to Juan and said: "Mr. Pusong, you may tell us how many seeds this orange contains."

Pusong took the orange and smelled it. Then he opened his book and after a while said: "This orange you have presented me with contains but one seed."

The orange was cut and but the one seed found in it, so Pusong was paid the money. Of course he obtained a great reputation throughout the country, and became very rich.

III. Juan Pusong's father drove his cows out one day to pasture. Juan slipped secretly from the house, and going to the pasture, took the cows into the forest and tied them there. When his father was going for the cows he met Juan and asked: "Where did you come from?" The boy replied: "I have just come from school. What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for our cows," said his father.

"Why did n't you tell me that before," asked Juan. "Wait a minute," and he took his little book from his pocket and, looking into it, said: "Our cows are in such a place in the forest, tied together. Go and get them." So his father went to the place where Juan said the cows were and found them. Afterwards it was discovered that Juan could not read even his own name, so his father beat him for the trick he had played.

IV. *Pusong and Tabloc-laiui.* Pusong had transgressed the law, and was for this reason put into a cage to be in a short time submerged with it into the sea.

Tabloc-laiui, a friend of Pusong's, passed by and saw him in the cage.

"What are you there for?" Tabloc-laiui asked.

"Oh!" answered Pusong, "I am a prisoner here, as you see, because the chief wants me to marry his daughter and I don't want to do it. I am to stay here until I consent."

"What a fool you are!" said Tabloc-lau. "The chief's daughter is pretty, and I am surprised that you are not willing to marry her."

"Hear me, Tabloc-lau!" said the prisoner. "If you want to marry the chief's daughter, let me out and get in here in my place; for tomorrow they will come and ask you if you will consent. Then you will be married at once."

"I am willing!" exclaimed Tabloc-lau. "Get out and I will take your place!"

Next morning the chief ordered his soldiers to take the cage with the prisoner to the sea and submerge it in the water.

Tabloc-lau, on seeing the soldiers coming toward him, thought they would make inquiries of him as Pusong had said.

"I am ready now," he said, "I am ready to be the princess's husband."

"Is this crazy fellow raving?" asked the soldiers. "We are ordered to take you and submerge you in the sea."

"But," objected Tabloc-lau, "I am ready now to marry the chief's daughter."

He was carried to the sea and plunged into the water, in spite of his crying, "I am not Pusong! I am Tabloc-lau!"

The next week the chief was in his boat, going from one fish-trap to another, to inspect them. Pusong swam out to the boat.

The chief, on seeing him, wondered, for he believed that Pusong was dead. "How is this?" he asked. "Did you not drown last week?"

"By no means. I sank to the bottom, but I found that there was no water there. There is another world where the dead live again. I saw your father and he charged me to bid you go to him, and afterwards you will be able to come back here, if you wish to do so."

"Is that really true, Pusong?" asked the chief.

"Yes, it is really true," was the reply.

"Well, I will go there. I will have a cage made and go through the way you did."

So the next morning the chief was submerged in the water, with the hope of coming back. When a considerable time had elapsed without seeing his return, his servants searched for Pusong, in order to punish him, but he had escaped to the mountains.

V. *The Enchanted Prince.* There was once a king who had three young and beautiful daughters named Isabel, Catalina, and Maria.

In the capital city of the kingdom lived a young man known by the name of Juan Pusong. He had as friends an ape, named Amomongo, and a wildcat, whose name was Singalong. The three friends

were passing one day in front of the palace, and, seeing the three young ladies, were greatly charmed by their beauty.

Pusong, who posed as a young aristocrat of considerable learning, determined to go before the king and declare his love for the Princess Isabel. The king received him favorably, and offered him a seat ; but Juan refused to sit down until he should know the result of his request.

The king was astonished at his manner, and asked him what he wanted. Juan replied that he had presumptuously allowed himself to be charmed by the beauty of the Princess Isabel, and humbly requested the king's consent to their marriage. The king had the princess summoned before him, and in the presence of Pusong asked her if she would accept this man as her husband. She dutifully expressed her willingness to do whatever her father wished, so the king granted the request of Pusong, who was immediately married to Isabel.

When Amo-Mongo saw how successful Pusong had been, he presented himself before the king, as his friend had done, and requested the hand of the Princess Catalina. The king, somewhat unwillingly, gave his consent, and these two were also married.

When Singalong saw to what high positions his friends had attained, he became desirous of like fortune, so he went to the king and obtained his consent to his marriage with the Princess Maria.

All three of the king's sons-in-law lived with their wives at the palace, at the king's expense. The latter seeing that his daughters' husbands were lazy fellows, determined to make them useful, so he sent Pusong and Amo-Mongo out to take charge of his estates in the country, while to Singalong he gave the oversight of the servants who worked in the kitchen of the palace.

Pusong and Amo-Mongo went out to the hacienda with the intention of doing something, but when they arrived there, they found so much to do that they concluded that it would be impossible to attend to everything and so decided to do nothing.

The latter, after merely looking over the estate, entered the forest, in order to visit his relatives there. His fellow monkeys, who knew of his marriage with the princess, believed him to be of some importance, and begged him to save them from the famine which was devastating the forest. This Amo-Mongo, with much boasting of his wealth, promised to do, declaring that at the time of harvest he would give them plenty of rice.

When Pusong and his companion returned to the palace they were asked by the king how many acres they had cleared. They replied that they had cleared and planted about one thousand acres. The king was satisfied with their answer, and, at Amo-Mongo's request,

gave orders for a large quantity of rice to be carried from the storehouse to the spot in the forest where his son-in-law had promised the monkeys that they should find it.

On the other hand, Singalong during the day did nothing, and as the king never saw him at work he disliked his third son-in-law very much. Yet every morning there were great piles of fish and vegetables in the palace kitchen. Amo-Mongo, knowing that his brother-in-law usually went out at night in order to bring something home, contrived to get up early and see what there was in the kitchen, so as to present it to the king as the result of his own labors. In this way, Amo-Mongo became each day dearer and dearer to the king, while Singalong became more and more disliked. Maria knew that her husband procured their food in some way, for every morning he said to her: "All that you see here I have brought." However, the king knew nothing of all this.

When the early harvest time came, the king commanded Amo-Mongo to bring rice to make pilipig. (Rice pounded into flakes and toasted, a dish of which Filipinos are very fond.) Amo-Mongo did not know where he could find it, but set out in the direction from which he had seen Singalong coming each morning, and soon came to an extensive rice-field bearing an abundant crop. He took a goodly portion of it and, returning to the palace, had the pilipig prepared and set before the king and his household. Every one ate of it, except Singalong, who was the real owner, and his wife, who had been secretly notified by him of the truth of the matter.

Maria was greatly perplexed by what her husband had told her, so she determined one night to watch him. She discovered that, as soon as the other people were asleep, her husband became transformed into a handsome prince and left the palace, leaving behind him his cat's dress. As soon as he had gone, Maria took the cast-off clothing of her husband and cast it into the fire. Singalong smelt it burning and returned to the palace, where he found his wife and begged her to return to him his cat's dress. This she was unable to do, since it was entirely consumed. As a result, Singalong was obliged to retain the form of a prince, but he was afraid to appear before the king in this guise, and so hid himself.

In the morning, Maria went to the king and told him the truth about her husband. Her father, however, thought that she was crazy, and when she insisted, invited her to accompany him to Amo-Mongo's farm, in order to convince her of her error. Many people went with them, and Amo-Mongo led them to the farm, which was really Singalong's, but told them that it belonged to himself. Besides other things, Singalong had planted many fruits, among them atimon and candol.

Amo-Mongo, seeing the diversity of fruits, began to eat all he could, until he became unable to move a step. Whenever his wife urged him to come away, he would take an atimon under his arm and a candol or so in his hands, until at last his wife, angry at his greediness, gave him a push which caused him to fall headlong, striking his head against a stone and being instantly killed.

Then Singalong, who had secretly followed the crowd from the palace, showed himself to the king in his proper form. After making suitable explanations, he led them to a fine palace in the middle of the hacienda. There they all lived together, but Pusong and his wife, who in former times had treated Singalong very harshly, giving him only the bones and scraps from the table, were now obliged to act as servants in the kitchen of the king's new palace.

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